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(SNP058) J. Maurice Grove and Frances Grove
interviewed by Dorothy Noble Smith, transcribed
by Peggy C. Bradley

J. Maurice Grove

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ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM
SHENANDOAH NATIONAL PARK

NARRATOR:

Mr. J. Maurice Grove
Ms. Frances Grove

INTERVIEWER:

Mrs. Dorothy Smith

PLACE:

Luray, Virginia

DATE:

September 30, 1977

TRANSCRIBED BY:

Peggy C. Bradley

Completed Date:

December 8, 1986

D.S.: Let's find out if they owned it.

M.G.: Ivan owned it. Yeah. He was one of them.

D.S.: Now, I'm going to start with you again.

F.G.: All right. Start with Anita, I guess.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

F.G.: This is Anita Grove's diary or part of a diary. And she mentions here -
'Monday, July the 8th, got up early and phoned to all my pupils not
to come this week. Harry drove me up to Spion Kop. Got here at
5:00. Miss Mable had a lovely supper for us. Harry started down a
little before 7:00'. Now, I'll go back and explain that. Miss Mable
was Miss Mable Hudson, and her father and perhaps some others owned
a place on the ridge and they called it Spion Kop. Spion Kop was a
battle that was fought during the Boorer War. And I don't know why
it was so important. I don't know history that much. But they named
their mountain place Spion Kop.

D.S.: Where is that?

F.G.: It's - uh - where is it, Maurice?

M.G.: Uh -

F.G.: You go up Rocky Branch Road.

M.G.: Yeah. You go up the Rocky Branch Road clear to the end. Right up in
there where the old road used to go up and make a loop around and
come back from there where the Batmans live. There at that Rocky Branch
Church - near there. And it went up and made the loop around. And when
you got up there, there was an old dirt road that went up the mountain
there and went on across the mountain. And that's how they got to this
Spion Kop.

And my father, Gil Grove, and Uncle Joe Spitler owned a grazing farm

up there just past the top of the mountain. So I helped to drive cattle, - uh - many times - uh - between here and the place that they owned. And then this Spion Kop, they went through our place to get to that. And it was about a mile or more past our place. And you got to this -

D.S.: Rocky Branch - now the information that we had is wrong - that's our grazing land north of Panorama. Right.

F.G.: Yes. Yes.

M.G.: Yeah. It's north of Panorama.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: And to go to Panorama and up, it would be right much north of it, too. I mean several miles.

D.S.: Yeah.

M.G.: Of course, that old road - I doubt if I could find it if I went up there now because things have grown up and changed so. And all the buildings are gone. I remember when I was a kid going up there and they had an old chestnut orchard on the place my father and Uncle Joe Spitler owned. And we'd go up there when we were kids - Frances went up there, too -

F.G.: Yes.

M.G.: ... And the rest of us, up there in the fall of the year and gather chestnuts.

F.G.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: And go up there and take a long stick and beat these trees, you know, and knock the chestnuts out. And then us kids would pick 'em up, and we'd come back with several gallons of chestnuts -

D.S.: And what would you do with them?

M.G.: Eat 'em. What the worms didn't eat.

D.S.: I meant - you didn't sell them or anything?

M.G.: Oh, no, we didn't sell them. We just picked them up for our own use.

D.S.: And you roasted them?

M.G.: Yes, we roasted some and ate a whole lot of them 'fore they ever got to the roasting - or got roasted.

F.G.: They were good raw. I don't think we roasted very many of them. We didn't go in for roasting them much. We just ate them raw.

D.S.: Raw chestnuts.

F.G.: They were good.

M.G.: We ate more of them raw than we roasted.

F.G.: We roasted some.

M.G.: I like roasted chestnuts though, too.

D.S.: That's the only kind I've ever known - roasted chestnuts.

F.G.: Well, there were two houses on the place. And a man named Jeff Dwyer - you spell it D-w-y-e-r, don't you?

M.G.: Yeah.

F.G.: ...lived in one of the houses. He had several children. I don't remember their names.

D.S.: Now, was he a tenant farmer?

F.G.: Well, he looked after the place and -

M.G.: No, he wasn't a tenant. There wasn't any tenant to it. Uh- my daddy and Uncle Joe were in the livestock business and they - uh - this Jeff was a remarkable character. Now, there's no doubt about that. they could call him up on the telephone on Friday night and tell him which cattle to bring out. And bring a cow that you took up there three weeks ago today and describe the cow that they wanted. And

another one they took five weeks ago, and one that had been up there six or seven weeks and describe them, and he would round those cattle up with his girls - he didn't have any boys. His kids were all girls -

F.G.: He had one boy. Roy.

M.G.: Yeah, that's right. He did have one, didn't he?

Anyhow, about eleven or twelve o'clock the next day, he'd have those cattle in town here. And the most of it by himself.

D.S.: Well, now, if he wasn't a tenant farmer, why did he do this?

M.G.: My daddy and - they paid him for his labor. He was working as an employee.

D.S.: I see. But he didn't have a houseup there?

M.G.: Yes he had - he lived in the house that belonged to my daddy and Uncle Joe - Joe Spitler.

D.S.: Well then, I would call that a tenant farmer.

F.G.: It wasn't a farmer.

M.G.: No. A tenant farmer - they get part of the crops. That's what I call a tenant farmer.

D.S.: Oh, I see.

M.G.: But he was just an employee. They paid him so much a week and he would do - for his labor, and he would cut bushes and see about the cattle and fix fence and whatever was to be done up there.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: Nail a board on the house - or the other house - they had two houses. He lived in one - and our - what were they - two hundred yards apart or something like that?

F.G.: -----

M.G.: And we would stay in the other one when we'd go up there and want to spend

the night.

F.S.: Sometimes we'd go up and spend a week, maybe. Some of our cousins from Roanoke would spend the summer down here and we'd go up there for a week perhaps -

M.G.: Yeah.

F.G.: ...And it was like camping.

D.S.: Would you say it would be somewhere near - you say it was several miles from Panorama. About where - uh - say -uh - oh, uh, Jeremy's Run overlook would be or Elk Wallow?

F.G.: Not as far north as Elk Wallow.

M.G.: No, it's not near as far as Elk Wallow.

F.G.: I used to be able to identify it when we went by, but I've lost it now.

M.G.: I haven't been up there for so long that I can't -

D.S.: There's a sort of open space just beyond Jeremy's Run Overlook, and -

F.G.: Uh-huh.

D.S.: ...I love to see the deer that are there. Uh - they pretty generally are, and it's kept sort of open. And I was just now thinking - I wonder if that could be part of it?

M.G.: It might be. I wouldn't like to say.

D.S.: Was it fairly flat land?

M.G.: Well, a little of it was fairly flat. And some of it was pretty steep.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

F.G.: As I recall, it was sort of a dip - there was a little stream that ran through the middle of it -

M.G.: Yeah.

F.G.: ...between the two houses.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

F.G.: And the one we camped in was on one slope, toward the south, I believe, wasn't it? Toward the south?

M.G.: Uh-huh.

F.G.: And the other one toward the north. And then fields on beyond it.

D.S.: Uh-huh. And all this had been cleared so the cattle -

M.G.: Yeah, they had grass growing on it. But, it's all grown - gone back up and gone wild.

D.S.: Right. Yeah. How many acres, roughly, were - did you allow per cattle?

M.G.: Oh, I don't know. Several. Maybe three - something like that. It depends on how much grass was on it.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: About three or four, I guess, up in there.

D.S.: Uh-huh. How many cattle did you have?

M.G.: There was never the same up there to any two weeks. He brought out a bunch and they would sell 'em, and then they'd send something else back up. He'd take a bunch back every Saturday evening then. He'd drive them out in the morning and another bunch back that evening. And he had his kids.

D.S.: That was a pretty steep climb for those cattle?

F.G.: The people, too.

D.S.: Yes.

F.G.: We used to, when we camped up there, walk down to the Rocky Branch Church. I remember walking down there at night and back. And then there was a store - who owned that store? I can't recall.

M.G.: Keller Waters part of the time.

D.S.: Keller Waters?

M.G.: Yes, Waters.

D.S.: Uh-huh. And it was a regular general store?

F.G.: Yes. Uh-huh.

M.G.: Yes.

F.G.: Groceries and candy and so on. We probably went for the candy.

D.S.: Of course. Right.

F.G.: Wasn't that the one they called the Waters place?

M.G.: Yes. That's what they called it. They had bought this place from us - a person by the name of Waters - when they bought it. Now, I don't remember the first name of that Waters. They always called it the Waters place, and it was bought before I can remember.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: And, then the Park - they kept it until the Park took it.

D.S.: Uh-huh. Uh - how many acres did your family own up there?

M.G.: I don't know exactly -

D.S.: Roughly.

M.G.: Somewhere between two and three hundred acres, I think.

In that neighborhood.

D.S.: That's a lot of acreage.

F.G.: Acres don't mean a thing to me. I don't know.

D.S.: Well, an acre is really -

M.G.: Well, it is in a way, and it isn't in another way. It depends on what's on it.

F.G.: Yes.

D.S.: Uh-huh. That two or three hundred acres was -

M.G.: I'm sure it was as much as two hundred, and it might have been as much as three. I don't know. It was a right good size place up there.

D.S.: Yeah. And it was all along the ridge.

M.G.: Yes, and it was - some of it was just rough as could be, too. Some of it was so rough you'd have trouble riding a horse over it.

D.S.: Uh-huh. How about wild life? Was there much wild life up there?

M.G.: Not too much at that time -

F.G.: No.

M.G.: I mean as far as deer and things of that - when I was a kid, we'd never see a deer like you do now.

D.S.: No.

M.G.: They had just about all been killed out ahead of that.

D.S.: Uh -

M.G.: People lived on them a long time.

D.S.: Sure.

M.G.: They had about had them all gone.

D.S.: Squirrel, foxes, rabbits.

M.G.: Yeah. You'd seem some squirrels, foxes and rattle snakes and that kind of stuff.

D.S.: Yes. There were always the rattle snakes, weren't there?

F.G.: Lots of birds.

D.S.: Yes. There were the birds, too.

F.G.: Oh, I never saw a rattle snake. I never saw one out in the wild, fortunately.

D.S.: No.

M.G.: I haven't.

F.G.: We're all fortunate, aren't we?

M.G.: I don't think I ever saw one along that place, Now, I saw one on our Beahm place on down at the foot of the mountain. My daddy owned that

individually.

F.G.: The time Father was bitten by a snake, was that up on the Waters place?

M.G.: I don't know.

F.G.: It was earlier than my memory.

M.G.: Yeah, it was.

F.G.: He was climbing up over a rock and put his hand down on a copperhead, and got bitten. And, uh, he recovered, of course. He was quite sick.

D.S.: The Dean place. Now which one -

F.G.: Beahm. That would be at the foot of the ridge.

D.S.: Oh, Beahm.

M.G.: That's at the foot of the mountain.

F.G.: And the Park did not take that.

D.S.: No.

M.G.: That's not in the Park.

D.S.: No.

M.G.: Now that sticks up in the Park. Do you know where the projects up in the Park?

D.S.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: All right. You went on up through that as far as you could get and straight over the mountain. And just a little bit farther north was that Waters place.

D.S.: Oh, I see.

M.G.: There's where it was.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: I know that.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: 'Cause we went up through the Beahm place and along beside it up there for a good ways, and then got out of that. And then there was a Heiston

place up there and - what was it - Joe Sam -

F.G.: Yes.

D.S.: Joe -

M.G.: Joe Sam.

D.S.: Sam.

F.G.: Joe Sam Heiston.

D.S.: H-e-a-s-

F.G.: H-e-

M.G.: H-e-i-s-t-o-n.

D.S.: Uh- was he one of the mountain families?

M.G.: No. He lived out here - you know where Beahm's Chapel is out here?

D.S.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: The church. Well, he lived right this side of that on the right of the road there. There's where he lived when he owned that place up there.

D.S.: Oh, I see. In other words, he had property that he used like you did -

M.G.: That's right.

D.S.: ... for cattle.

M.G.: Uh-huh. That's right.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: And we'd have to go through his between the two. And there was somebody else - there was some other property in there - I just don't remember who owned it.

D.S.: Were there any mountain families anywhere around?

F.G.: Well, the Waterses lived up there.

M.G.: Yeah. The who?

F.G.: Waters.

M.G.: Yes. There were a number of Waters up in there. And Fraziers. Old Mr. Newt Frazier lived up in that neighborhood and he had a whole bunch of sons. And his sons married Jeff Dwyer's daughters.

F.G.: Oh, yes.

M.G.: And, uh, several of them did. I think about three or four of his boys married the Dwyer girls. Homer was one of them.

F.G.: Uh-huh. Wouldn't Louise Waters - her family was kin to the other, weren't they?

M.G.: Yeah.

F.G.: She'd be able to tell you some, too.

M.G.: Yeah. And I tell you, if you'd go up and talk to Homer Frazier, he might tell you a whole lot, too.

D.S.: Where would I get a hold of him?

M.G.: Go up by the church up there - Rocky Branch Church - on up in Beahm Hollow - and go up there jest about almost as far as you can get and he lives on the right up there.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

F.G.: Anybody could tell you once you get up there.

D.S.: Yeah.

M.G.: You know where that chicken place is up there where they raise those game roosters - those fighting roosters?

D.S.: No. If I knew about it, I'd stop.

M.G.: It's jest before you get to that. Now, my daddy owned that farm up there. And when he died, I tried to keep it for awhile and it got too many for me. And I think it was getting most too much for Homer. Homer Frazier was living on it at the time. And we kept fighting bushes up there and he was getting older all the time, and just about

had enough of it, and so did I. So I told him, I said, "Now, Homer, I want you to have a place of your own." And I cut off about twelve or fifteen acres off that place up there and sold it to him fairly reasonable, so that he would have a place of his own. And he bought the old store building.

F.G.: Oh, yes.

M.G.: He bought that. And there was a little house beside it.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: And I had to talk like everything to get him to take it. And finally he did. And, then he went out - came down here to the Tannery and got himself a job and paid for it in nothing flat almost. And it wasn't any time before he built himself a little cottage up there. And he tore the old store building and all the other stuff down then. And he's got this little home up there. It's on the right of the road now.

D.S.: O.k.

M.G.: And you go up there and he's got a little stable, now, that you get to before you get to - uh- before you get to his home.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: You know where anybody lives up in there? You know where Ralph Waters lives?

D.S.: No, I don't.

M.G.: Ralph - uh -

D.S.: I know nothing about Rocky Branch area.

M.G.: Well, when you get way on up in there, watch the mail boxes and you'll come to Ralph Waters and Franklin Miller. And then there's another Frazier up there. I forget now what his name is. He's back off the road a little bit. And then Homer'll be the next one unless they've

built houses since I been up there.

F.G.: Homer's house is right against the road, isn't it, Maurice?

M.G.: Yeah. Homer's house - his house is within fifteen feet of the road - ten or fifteen feet of the road.

F.G.: Is his the last house before you get to Park land?

M.G.: No. You go on up in there and the road kind of curves around to where that fellow from Washington has those fighting game roosters - raising them up there.

D.S.: Is he still doing it?

M.G.: I don't know. I reckon. As far as I know. I haven't been up there for years.

F.G.: Do you think you'll go up and look at them?

D.S.: I'm not with the Humane Society for nothing.

You know, we know really nothing about how people handled having their cattle and moving them up to the mountains and then back down. Now, your family owned a farm down here. Right?

F.G.: Yes.

M.G.: Yes. Owned a farm here in the valley and raised feed and that kind of stuff on that. And then in the summertime, we'd drive those cattle up there, and they'd live on the grass up there all summer. And then that fall, when the grass left, bring them back down here for the winter.

F.G.: And you drove them then. You didn't haul them.

D.S.: No. You drove them.

M.G.: Yeah. They walked up there and back.

D.S.: Uh - now didn't that take an awful lot of weight off of the animals to do that?

M.G.: No, not too much. They could put it back pretty quick. Give them good

grass for a couple of days and they'd have it back.

D.S.: Uh - and none of them broke their legs or anything of that kind.

M.G.: Oh, every now and then -

D.S.: 'Cause that's pretty rocky.

M.G.: Every now and then we'd have something happen to one of them, but we still do as far as that goes.

D.S.: Yeah.

M.G.: I had to bury one here some time ago. I thought it was healthy until all of a sudden, I saw it down in the field. And, uh, the next day she was dead.

D.S.: Uh - but I should think - I'd hate to scramble up that mountain myself, and, you know, to be a four-footed little creature would be pretty -

M.G.: Yeah. But they have four feet to talk on, and you don't have but two.

F.G.: Do it easier than you can.

D.S.: Yeah, but I'm not being driven. You know, there's a difference when somebody's saying "come on".

M.G.: All the cow's got to do is what you tell 'em. Kind of prod her along.

D.S.: Yeah. Right.

M.G.: You got to do the same walking and do the prodding, too. So you -

D.S.: How would you keep them separate, though? Now, like, how would you keep one herd separate from another? Were there any other farmers doing the same thing in the same area?

M.G.: Oh, yes. But we'd always keep them separated. One would stay in front, and - uh - to hold them back. Not too often they'd get to - there wasn't that many going that that would be a problem.

F.G.: At the same time -

D.S.: Did you brand your cattle?

M.G.: No.

D.S.: So, they just were allowed to browse around in the area?

M.G.: Yeah, but, we had 'em labeled. We had a metal tag in their ears with the name and the number on them.

D.S.: Oh, I see.

F.G.: But our father could recognize cattle as if they were people. It always -

M.G.: Yeah.

F.G.: ...astonished me. But somebody stole one of his - was it one or more? Took it down to Baltimore to sell and Father went down there and recognized it - and -

M.G.: Identified it. It had his label in. And when they got the law out there - officers - "Well, how do you know that's yours"? He said, "Catch that steer and look at the label and if it hadn't got my name on it, it's not mine". They caught him and looked at it, and read his name on it. He told them what was on the thing before they ever caught it. And this fellow had stolen them - a bunch of them - and took them down to Baltimore and sold them. And Esskay meat people had bought these cattle and took them down to a place that they had a feed lot and turned them out. And he went down to the feed lot where they had hundreds of cattle down there and picked his cattle out of the bunch.

F.G.: He knew them as if they were people.

M.G.: Yeah. And -

D.S.: The same thing.

F.G.: Yes, I know.

M.G.: And Benny Spitler - now that was Uncle Joe's oldest son, he was better at it yet than my daddy. People around here - they were buying and selling

and people around here would get in an argument about whose steer or whose cow a certain one was. "Well, we'll have to get Benny to come up here and settle the argument". And they'd call him and he'd go up and he'd pick other people's cattle out for them. Now, how in the world he remembered it, I don't know. I have trouble remembering. I can remember some of mine, but I can't remember all of mine.

D.S.: No.

M.G.: But, I never had the experience at it that they had.

D.S.: What kind of cattle did they raise?

M.G.: Well, way back there it was just cattle. And then they got into the Hereford and the Angus came around - aw - in the 1920's or something of that time those breeds got in here. And they they got crossed up some, but some of that other was - I can't tell you what they was.

D.S.: Uh-huh. They were just cattle.

M.G.: Some of those - yeah. Some were the Durham cattle that they had back there.

D.S.: Did they de-horn them or do anything like that with them?

M.G.: Yes. Quite often.

D.S.: But not as a general rule?

M.G.: Yeah. They do now. But most of the farmers try and breed the horns off them now.

D.S.: Yes. I mean in those days. Did they automatically -

F.G.: Yes, they did.

D.S.: ... de-horn them?

M.G.: Yeah, they cut them off then.

D.S.: Uh-huh. Yeah.

M.G.: I've cut hundreds of them off myself.

D.S.: Yeah.

F.G.: They had a special tool to cut them off with.

M.G.: You got to have a de-horner.

F.G.: I've always wondered if it didn't hurt them. They're kind of, they say, like finger nails and so on, but sometimes they would bleed.

D.S.: If you do it when they're young enough, I think they say it doesn't hurt.

F.G.: Uh-huh.

D.S.: It doesn't hurt long anyway.

M.G.: No. It's about like pulling a tooth or something like that. And when we were kids, they didn't have all the stuff to numb teeth with. You'd go to the dentist and they'd just get the thing and pull the tooth. That's all there was to it. We had to put up with the pain.

D.S.: Right. Well, uh, the farm that your father had down here in the valley, how large was that?

M.G.: The farm that he had here in the valley was - I'll tell you the whole story on that. It was granted from the King of England in 1744 to a John Lineberger. In 1756, it was sold to the first Grove.

F.G.: ----

M.G.: Yeah. And he had two sons. So he split the thing. And our side of it was - I don't know what it was - around 300 acres, I reckon.

F.G.: Three hundred forty, I believe they said.

M.G.: No. It wasn't that much.

F.G.: It wasn't that much?

M.G.: That's what my daddy owned when I got it - bought it from my daddy - it was 343 acres.

F.G.: Oh, he had bought -

M.G.: But he had bought some from Uncle Edgar Huffman - 15-20 acres. And my granddaddy had bought a little bit from somebody and added on to it.

D.S.: Where was that located?

M.G.: On U.S. 340, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of town here on the right up there.

D.S.: South of town?

M.G.: Uh-huh.

D.S.: And you'd have to drive these cattle all the way -

M.G.: From there - oh, lawd, my daddy bought and sold livestock when I was a - by the time I was grown, he had me on the roads some days ten hours a day, six days a week, riding horseback, driving these cattle around. We'd go over in Rappahannock County and get 'em and bring 'em into Luray and the next day, we'd drive them to New Market. I've driven cattle from the other side of Sperryville to New Market a many a time.

D.S.: How would you bring them from Sperryville? Up over Panorama?

M.G.: Across at Panorama and down and then go on across this Massanutten Mountain to New Market the next day. And you had a bunch of tired cattle when you got to New Market the next day, too.

F.G.: I should think.

D.S.: I should think you would. Yes.

M.G.: You had a bunch of tired boys chasing them, too.

F.G.: They didn't have cars and automobiles on the road then.

D.S.: No.

M.G.: I remember one time a couple of funny instances happened over there. We had a bunch of these - I don't know where they come from - but we had them over there and one of these cattle broke down. About 200 yards, he just laid down and wouldn't go any farther - about 200 yards or a hundred yards or something from the gate we were to put them in. And we

sat there and fooled with that thing and couldn't get him up. And you remember Jake Comer?

F.G.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: Well, Jake got down on his hands and knees and started bellering about like a bull and a-shaking his head at that thing. And he jumped up and started chasing Jake and I said run through the gate. He did. He ran through the gate. And that thing chased him to the fence, you know, and then he climbed the fence and got back out. We shut the gate and came home.

D.S.: Oh, that poor tired cow or cattle or whatever they were.

F.G.: Cattle or whatever. ----

D.S.: Oh, gosh, yes. But now, going through town, I imagine that must have made quite a scene, didn't it?

M.G.: Yes.

F.G.: As Maurice said, there were not so many cars then.

M.G.: There weren't too many cars then.

D.S.: No.

M.G.: And the people were different then. They'd help you in a lot of cases.

D.S.: How?

M.G.: By heading them off and keeping them on the road for you.

F.G.: Keep them from running in peoples' yards.

M.G.: Yeah. Keep them from going in somebody's yard or garden or something of that kind.

D.S.: Oh, I see. Yes, of course, they'd want to stop and take a little snip at here and there.

F.G.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: Yeah.

D.S.: Sure. Yeah. Now, just roughly, I'm trying to think how many miles that

would be. And would you do it in one day?

M.G.: Yeah. That would all be done in one day.

D.S.: That's a lot of miles.

M.G.: You can ride a horse. A horse is used to going, now.

D.S.: Yeah.

M.G.: A good riding horse - you can ride a horse 35 or 40 miles a day. But now, you can't drive cattle that far.

D.S.: No.

M.G.: But you can drive cattle 15-20 miles a day.

F.G.: Would you say it was around 15 miles from the farm up there?

M.G.: Yeah. It would be at least fifteen.

F.G.: Fifteen or so. I'm trying to guess.

D.S.: Well, I'm just trying to think. It's at least 5 miles - oh no - from here to Park Headquarters would be about 10 miles.

M.G.: Well, now, we didn't go as far as the Park Headquarters.

D.S.: No.

M.G.: We turned off there at Atkins Gift Shop and went down by the old church down there, and then got on that dirt road and went on up.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: Now, they have taken the cross-over out out there. They had too many wrecks on it, and make you go up there to Brookside now and turn - almost at Headquarters, you know, and turn and come back and go in there.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: At that time, we didn't have to do that - make that extra trip out there. And we'd just cut right on through there and go on up.

D.S.: Uh-huh. Yeah. Well, even so, that was a heck of a lot of miles for cattle to travel in one day.

M.G.: Yeah, it was.

D.S.: So then you'd get up there and then you'd stay there over night?

M.G.: Sometimes we would and sometimes we wouldn't. We'd usually come back.

But a lot of times we'd start out four o'clock in the morning to start up there. Get an early start and have them up there a little after lunch. And then we'd come on home that evening. Coming home - that was the easy part of it.

D.S.: Yeah. Of course it was.

F.G.: When we were camping up there one time, we came down to the Rocky Branch Church. I think we were coming from the house we were camping in, and we figured it was 2 miles down and 2 miles back. We were thinking well, we had walked 4 miles that day - the last part of it up hill. Now, how accurate we were, I don't know.

M.G.: From the Waters place to Rocky Branch Church is a whole more than 2 miles.

F.G.: Well, maybe it wasn't then. Maybe it was just to the store, then. Because I know that we decided it was a 4 mile walk.

M.G.: Yeah. It would be about - it would be a good 2 miles to the store.

F.G.: To the store, yeah. That's probably what it was then.

M.G.: Where the store was. The store's gone now. This Homer Frazier, I was telling you about, he lives there where the old store used to be.

D.S.: Uh-huh. Yeah.

F.G.: Well, that was one place. And the other place was behind Skyland where Father and Uncle Joe -

M.G.: No, Uncle Joe didn't have anything to do with that.

F.G.: Oh, he didn't?

M.G.: Huh-huh.

F.G.: What did they do? Rent it?

M.G.: No. Father owned it himself.

F.G.: Oh.

M.G.: Granddaddy owned that place.

F.G.: Oh. You mean Uncle Joe didn't own any of it.

M.G.: Uncle Joe didn't have anything to do with that place.

D.S.: Where behind Skyland? Do you mean on the Madison County side?

M.G.: Yeah. It was in Madison County.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: And it was - uh -

F.G.: You go up by Stonyman and up through there.

M.G.: Yeah. Go on up the old dirt road and - uh - up in there. It was out across the ridge like and down the other side a little bit from where stable is up there at Skyland now.

And I went up there one time, a number of years ago, and I was gonna see if I couldn't find where the old house was. And I made a big circle around down in there, and I couldn't even find the spring branch. So, I don't know where it was. It was over in there. I remember what it looked like when I - when we used to drive cattle up there.

D.S.: How many acres was that?

M.G.: Oh, it wasn't too much up there. Maybe a hundred.

D.S.: And you would drive your cattle up there?

M.G.: Uh-huh - it never was a good -

D.S.: Up through Kettle Canyon and - would you send them up that way?

M.G.: We'd go on up -

F.G.: Through the Skyline -

M.G.: the old way. Do you know where the old dirt road is that goes up -

D.S.: Kettle Canyon.

F.G.: Is that what it is?

M.G.: Is that what you call it?

D.S.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: All right. That's the way we'd go up there on that old dirt road -

D.S.: Yes.

M.G.: ... and go on up there and right through the Skyland village up there; and on out by the stable. And it was kind of over the hill and down - maybe a half a mile on the other side of the stable or something of that kind.

D.S.: Did you have much to do with Pollock?

F.G.: Yeah.

M.G.: No, not too much. We knew him and so on. But I never did have any financial deals with him at all.

F.G.: Well, what I was thinking about. He didn't mind Father driving his cattle through because his horseback riders would ride over Father's line.

M.G.: Yeah.

F.G.: So it was sort of a gentlemen's agreement.

D.S.: Right. Yeah. Did you ever go to any of his parties?

F.G.: Well, he had what he called the "Indian Pow Wow" one night, and we went up to that. That's the only time I was ever up there.

M.G.: Piled cords and cords of wood up there and then set it on fire and had this pow wow. That was the end of that.

D.S.: How did you get up there?

F.G.: Walked.

M.G.: Walked.

F.G.: The car - if we had a car then - I guess we had the car -

M.G.: Left the car at the foot of the mountain -

F.G.: ... at the foot of the mountain and walked up.

M.G.: Had an old Model T or something of that kind -

F.G.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: ... you couldn't go up there.

F.G.: Well, in those days people walked.

D.S.: Of course they did. Yeah. Right.

F.G.: Uh-huh.

D.S.: And that's quite a climb up.

F.G.: Well, it is. Uh-huh.

M.G.: Yeah. That's a long ways from the foot of that mountain to the top.

D.S.: It is. I've done it many a time and I know that it's quite far.

F.G.: That's why you're slim and that's why I'm slim. If you walk a lot, you just don't have an opportunity to put it on.

D.S.: Right. Yes. Well, that Indian Pow Wow, what was it like? I mean - I've read about it in Skyland.

M.G.: Aw, you tell that. You remember that better than I do.

F.G.: Well, I suppose Mr. Pollock's guests were dressed like Indians. And they had - as Maurice said, cords of wood run up to a point in the top like a teepee. And they were dancing around it, and making Indian noises. And it seems to me they had - I'm sure they had something to eat later, but I have forgotten the food.

Didn't they have big kettles of food?

M.G.: I think so, I don't know. To tell you the truth, I'd kind of forgotten - I'd forgotten about the whole thing 'til you said something.

F.G.: Well, I remember - 'cause I remember walking up there and I remember the

fires. The food evidently didn't impress me much 'cause I don't remember what it was or anything.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

F.G.: But - uh- that was only once that I ever went to it. We enjoyed it very much. But, then after it was over - along about whatever time it was, at night, walking back in the dark wasn't as much fun as going up.

D.S.: That's right.

F.G.: For one thing, it's harder walking down.

D.S.: And you didn't have flashlights then like you do now.

F.G.: Well, one person had a flashlight, and he kept flashing it on and off. If he'd have left it off or one, either one would have been all right.

D.S.: Right.

F.G.: But that off and on - about the time you'd get used to it, it would go off again. So -

M.G.: Bob liked to carry these kerosene lanterns, too, at that time.

D.S.: Yeah. Were there mountaineers there at the party?

M.G.: Oh, yeah. There'd be some of them around, too.

F.G.: I'm sure there were. I don't remember who lived around the Skyland place.

M.G.: One fellow - I don't know what his name was - Parks? Ed Parks -

F.G.: Oh, yes.

M.G.: ... and his family.

F.G.: Oh, and Mrs. Parks. And I have a picture of old Mrs. Parks upstairs. And I bet I can find it.

D.S.: Oh, that would be wonderful.

F.G.: I'll lend it to you, but I won't give it to you.

D.S.: All right. We'll make a copy of it and see to it that you get it back.

F.G.: Tell her about the lunch.

M.G.: Beg your pardon.

F.G.: Tell her about the lunch.

D.S.: Where was that lunch?

M.G.: The lunch was down at this old Miz Waters - on this Waters place.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: And, she wasn't none too clean around the kitchen. And, uh, insisted that my daddy stay for lunch. And he saw how that they lived around there and he didn't know whether he wanted to eat any of that cooking or not. So he told one of the two lies that I know of that he told in his life. He told this old Miz Parks that the doctor had put him on a diet and he couldn't eat anything 'cept hard boiled eggs. She was cooking clothes - I mean boiling clothes there, you know, to wash them, you know. So she just pitched a couple of eggs in with these old dirty clothes. Hard boiled 'em for him and one of 'em cracked.

D.S.: Oh, gosh. Did he eat it?

M.G.: I don't remember whether he did or not.

F.G.: You wonder what this has to do with anything, but Rosie Parks - was Rosie that Mrs. Parks' daughter?

M.G.: I don't know.

F.G.: I didn't know Rosie Parks, but Rosie evidently knew Father had a little girl and she sent this dish to me - what do you call this -

D.S.: Ceramic.

F.G.: Majolica.

D.S.: Majolica?

F.G.: Majolica piece. And I cherish it. I love that thing. I've had it ever since -

D.S.: Did she make it?

F.G.: No, I'm sure she didn't. No. And where she got it - it must have been her treasure and she sent it to me. And I have loved it. I never use it. I just keep it setting back and look at it.

D.S.: Right. Yes.

F.G.: I think that's beautiful.

D.S.: Now, you say this is Mrs. Tom Parks?

F.G.: Uh-huh.

D.S.: And she lived there near Skyland?

F.G.: Yes.

M.G.: Ed Parks.

F.G.: Well, on the back-Mr. Pollock's writing said Mrs. Tom Parks.

M.G.: Oh. That just have been Ed's mother.

D.S.: "Picture of our good old friend Mrs. Tom Parks".

F.G.: Uh-huh.

D.S.: Oh, and that's his signature. Oh, we will take very, very good care of this. And it's already going on the tape that we will take care of it and see to it that you get it back.

F.G.: All right. Because I do want to keep it.

D.S.: Yes.

F.G.: I almost gave it away one time. And then I decided that I didn't want to.

D.S.: Oh, no indeed. I wonder how far away they lived from Skyland.

M.G.: It was less than a mile.

F.G.: Pretty close. Distances didn't seem as much then.

D.S.: No.

F.G.: Or maybe just the opposite. But you walked across and you didn't think anything of walking a couple of miles.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: A little farther now than it used to be.

F.G.: Uh-huh.

D.S.: Yes.

M.G.: I'd like to see that picture a minute.

F.G.: Excuse me, Maurice. I meant to pass it over.

M.G.: Spinning wheel. How do you like her shoes?

F.G.: You know what I thought of when I looked at her feet? Those people down in Guatemala.

D.S.: Oh, I know. They go barefoot -

F.G.: So wide. Their feet are about this long and about this wide.

D.S.: They're Indian -

F.G.: Yes.

D.S.: So, now, the Waters place was about two miles down from the top of the mountain.

F.G.: Approximately, I guess.

D.S.: Yeah.

M.G.: No, it wasn't two miles from the top.

F.G.: No, I don't mean -

M.G.: It extended almost to the top of the mountain, but it was on the other side.

F.G.: I thought you meant it was two miles from Panorama.

D.S.: No.

F.G.: It was on the mountain top.

M.G.: Yeah.

D.S.: Oh, the Waters place was on the mountain?

M.G.: It extended up to the - but it laid on the far side from here.

D.S.: I see. Uh-huh.

M.G.: That road that went across there used to come out down close to
that - uh - what is it - that church there -

F.G.: Pumpkin's Gap Church.

M.G.: Pumpkin's Gap Church.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: You don't know where that is - over there in Sperryville?

D.S.: Yeah.

M.G.: Go down the other side of Sperryville about half a mile or something
and turn left and go up in there - well, now, that road there connected
to this road through Beahm's Hollow.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: You could go all the way across the mountain there.

D.S.: Yeah.

M.G.: It wasn't too much traveling - it wasn't near as much travel as it
was by Panorama.

D.S.: Yeah.

M.G.: It never was 'cause this was always the easiest road to get across.

D.S.: Now, what did they sell in that store besides candy?

F.G.: That was a long time ago.

M.G.: Oh, shirts and overalls - a lot of work clothes.

D.S.: Groceries?

F.G.: Groceries. Yes.

M.G.: Yeah. Some groceries and coffee and sugar and salt.

D.S.: Kerosene and things of that kind.

F.G.: It was a little country store.

M.G.: Just a country store.

D.S.: Have you any idea how the people paid for the things that they bought there?

M.G.: Whole lot of it was on credit and they they'd work somewhere and then when they got paid, they'd pay for their groceries.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: And they'd start charging again and the next payday, they'd pay 'em again.

D.S.: Did you know W. Lee Judd? He had a store down in the Morning Star section.

M.G.: Yeah. Around there farther.

D.S.: Yeah.

M.G.: But we didn't get around there, now.

D.S.: He handled his the same way - on credit.

M.G.: Well, most of it was on credit.

F.G.: They did at the town grocery stores. Our uncle owned Grove and Butler's store. And all of them gave credit. They just kept a record and at the end of a month or so, they'd pay up.

M.G.: Whenever people got the money, they'd pay for it.

D.S.: Where was that store?

F.G.: Here in town.

D.S.: Where?

F.G.: Well, you know where Miss Anita Grove's antique shop was?

D.S.: Yes.

F.G.: That's the building. That was the Grove house there, with the store next door. I've got a picture of it, too. The way it used to look.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

F.G.: Are you interested in things like that too? Because I can go and pick that up too.

D.S.: No. No. Not for the Park. But I am interested.

F.G.: Yes. Well sometime.

D.S.: Yes. Right.

F.G.: I've been interested in Victorian houses particularly.

D.S.: Yes.

F.G.: And that had so much nice fancy work on the front.

D.S.: It certainly did.

F.G.: Jigsaw -

D.S.: Yes.

F.G.: ... or whatever it was.

D.S.: Did they call that bric-a-brac?

F.G.: Well, bric-a-brac was little things that you have setting around. No, they called it -

D.S.: ----

F.G.: Well, that's what I thought, too, until Harry was tearing down an old place -

M.G.: Bric-a-brac is cut out and stuff. Fancy stuff up around -

D.S.: No, it wasn't bric-a-brac - oh dear - oh, the word is right on the tip of my tongue. I can't think of it. Well, anyway -

F.G.: I know -

D.S.: It's all that little stuff that goes around -

F.G.: Decorate -

D.S.: Uh-huh.

F.G.: Which they're tearing off. They have torn it off some of the houses.

I think people who have it now kind of cherish it, but a few years ago they were bringing them up to date by taking off all the jigsaw work.

D.S.: That's right. Yeah. Well, you know, when you think - your family has had quite a part in the making of Page County.

F.G.: Yes. They've been here a long time.

D.S.: Uh-huh. Right. Uh - the Fraziers - have you any idea how the Fraziers came to live there?

M.G.: No, I can't tell you that. They were just there - Mr. Newt Frazier - I say. He had a whole bunch of sons. He lived up in there. I don't know exactly where he lived. He lived over there close to the Beahm place. It was two houses up there. That was one of the last places he lived. But I don't know where he raised his family. He was an old man when he lived up there.

F.G.: What you read about it is that they come up from - the early ones - and some of the articles say they spoke Elizabethian English, suggesting that maybe they came earlier than our family or the people down in the valley. But I'm not at all sure about that. I never did any research on that.

D.S.: Well, they did. And they would use words that are not normally in use -

F.G.: Not today.

D.S.: ... showing that - well, you know, that they had inherited the use of these words. And I think that it probably was because they lived such a sequestered life -

F.G.: Yes.

D.S.: ... that they kept that. Whereas your family was here earlier, no doubt, but had the advantage of speaking with other people -

F.G.: Uh-huh.

D.S.: ... whereas they didn't.

F.G.: One example I think of is holp - h-o-l-p as a past tense of help.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

F.G.: And other words that are obsolete now. But those words lasted longer in the mountain areas than they did down in the valleys.

D.S.: Uh-huh. It's a very fascinating study - the people and their customs. It's too bad that in your travels up and down, you didn't stop and get acquainted with any of the mountain people.

F.G.: Well, in a way we did, but we were too young to be interested in the history of it. I remember playing with the Dwyer children when we would go up there, but we were playing - building things in that little stream - just as children and young people do, and you don't get interested in those things until you get somewhat older -

D.S.: That's right.

F.G.: ... So then it's too late sometimes.

D.S.: The Dwyer children - do you think any of them are left -

F.G.: Probably, but -

D.S.: ... around here.

F.G.: I don't know where they are. Now, which ones would have married a Frazier -

M.G.: Well, there's Homer Frazier now - his wife -

D.S.: Yeah.

F.G.: Yes.

M.G.: What's her name? I can't even think of her name. Uh - I'll think of it directly. She was a Dwyer. I know that.

D.S.: Now, would this be the same Dwyer that is related to Jeff Dwyer?

M.G.: It's Jeff's daughter.

D.S.: Jeff's daughter.

F.G.: So she could tell you a good deal more.

M.G.: Yeah. If you'd see her, she could tell you. She could straighten you out on who her sisters and so on and who they married, and this one brother. Now, I don't think that boy is living. I think something happened to him.

F.G.: I don't remember at all.

M.G.: And the Fraziers - Homer can tell you about his brothers, too, and so on.

D.S.: Yeah.

F.G.: Now, this other place - Spion Kop - I know that -

D.S.: How is that spelled?

F.G.: S-p-i-o-n, one word. K-o-p. And what it means in Dutch, I do not know.

D.S.: Yeah.

F.G.: But I remember hearing it was named for a battle in the Borer War or a place of a battle in the war.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

F.G.: Or something history related. That would be Miss Julia Hudson and Mrs. Studebaker. And what they could tell you, I don't know, a little bit more about their place and who owned it with Dr. Hudson or just who did own it. But that was more for recreation than anything else. I don't remember that there was any grazing cattle there. It was a summer cottage.

D.S.: Now, this diary that you are reading from, was she a teacher?

F.G.: No. Well, she taught music. That's why she said tell her pupils.

And I haven't read very much of this. I thought I might go on reading -

you know - it was a - she and I were very good friends -

D.S.: Uh-huh.

F.G.: ... although she was considerably older. But she died about a year ago, and I don't intend to throw away any of her papers until I have looked at them more carefully.

D.S.: That is a very, very wise thought.

F.G.: I did have to throw away quite a lot of letters, but I learned who wrote each one. I got so I could recognize the handwriting and if I knew it was just a college friend or something like that, I just took those out.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

F.G.: Of course, I couldn't - they had thousands of them - literally thousands of letters they had saved. Boxes and boxes and boxes of them. I had about something like three months to go through all of that stuff.

M.G.: ----- lifetime ago.

D.S.: She ended up in the hospital.

F.G.: But it wasn't all together that. I think maybe I was over doing it. So, when I had mentioned this to a friend today, she started asking questions - what else did she suggest - the kind of food - they did have a garden. I remember the Dwyers had a nice little garden. And I remember how much better the cabbage ~~grown~~ in those gardens tasted than the cabbage down here. It was sweeter. I don't know why. Maybe it was the soil or the air or something. But it just seemed to me it tasted better. Maybe the air gave us a better appetite.

D.S.: No. But this keeps coming through with all the people that I've talked to that had lived in the mountains.

F.G.: Uh-huh.

D.S.: They keep saying that their vegetables tasted better than any that they can grow now.

M.G.: Well, the soil was different up there. I think that had something to do with it.

F.G.: It probably did.

M.G.: I don't know whether you ever been to Alaska or not. But you talking about cabbage - they have heads of cabbage up there like that. I've never seen anything like that Alaskan cabbage.

F.G.: Well, I remember the cabbage up on the ridge was bigger than what we had.

M.G.: Well, that up there in Alaska - they attribute a whole lot of that in the eighteen to twenty hours of sunshine a day on it.

F.G.: Oh, yes.

M.G.: You see, the sun shines so much longer up there in the summertime. And the cabbage and potatoes and that kind of stuff just grow bigger.

D.S.: Well, and, of course, on the top of the mountain they get more sunshine, too, probably.

F.G.: And I don't know whether the thinner air would have anything to do with it or not. I always imagined it was the soil.

D.S.: And, uh, they would raise potatoes - did you ever see them drying apples?

F.G.: Yes.

M.G.: Oh, yes.

F.G.: Everybody dried apples back then. Not just the mountain people.

M.G.: Yeah. When we were kids, we helped to dry apples.

F.G.: Dry apples. Dry beans. They did green beans.

M.G.: Snap beans.

F.G.: And what else did they dry?

D.S.: Cherries?

F.G.: Probably. But my mother never did.

M.G.: I don't remember them. But I remember dried apples.

D.S.: Corn?

F.G.: Oh yes. Dried corn.

M.G.: Yeah. Corn.

F.G.: A lot more reliable than trying to can it, because they didn't have pressure cookers then. And if you canned it, you put it in the can and hoped it would keep. And maybe it would and maybe it wouldn't. It might be dangerous, so they dried it. Do you remember anything else that they dried?

D.S.: Did you dry peaches?

F.G.: I think so - but my mother didn't. I think some people did. Probably cherries and other things, too.

D.S.: How would you dry corn?

F.G.: We had frames - they had frames with wire on the bottom and they put it out on the porch roof, really.

M.G.: Tin roof to draw the heat.

F.G.: Set it in the sun and put the screen over it to keep the flies off. And it dried very fast as I recall.

M.G.: They put it out in the day time. Now bring it in at night so it wouldn't get any dew on it or anything. Keep it in the house at night and then put it out again the next morning until it got dry. It didn't take it long to dry out.

D.S.: And then what would you do with it after it was dried?

F.G.: Store it in jars.

D.S.: Yes. I mean how would you cook it?

F.G.: Oh. Just as you would canned corn. You add water, of course, and cook it. And make corn pudding out of it or just stewed corn. It was very

good.

D.S.: Did you ever go to any apple butter boilings?

F.G.: Yes. But not on the ridge. Different people would make it. I remember one time somebody - I don't know whether somebody in my family or a neighbor - had made some and the stirrer wasn't on the job and let it scorch.

D.S.: Oh boy.

F.G.: All that work and all that sugar for nothing, and you got burnt apple butter and nothing is worse. It was awful.

D.S.: Isn't that awful?

F.G.: Yes, after all that peeling and getting ready.

D.S.: Oh.

M.G.: There's work to that.

F.G.: Yes there is.

D.S.: There's a lot of work.

M.G.: Peel ten bushels of apples and cut 'em up and get the cores out, and then all that work -

F.G.: They had a big copper kettle to cook it in - copper or brass. Copper, I guess.

M.G.: Copper.

D.S.: Copper, I think.

F.G.: Uh-huh. And a long handled thing that you stir it with, but something happened.

D.S.: Oh. Well you see, they didn't - it was done down here - they didn't do the way they did up in the mountain. They'd get a young fellow on one side and a young girl on the other side -

F.G.: Oh, yeah.

D.S.: And if you touched the paddle on the side of the kettle, then you got a kiss. Of course, you kept it moving.

F.G.: Yes.

D.S.: There's the difference.

Well, you know, this has been really wonderful, because, frankly, we have had a lot of information on the central section, but very, very little about the northern and their customs.

F.G.: Uh-huh.

D.S.: And we have actually had no names.

F.G.: Oh.

D.S.: So Homer Frazier is going to be a God send to us.

F.G.: And the Waters family because they would know something about it.

M.G.: Yeah.

D.S.: Who is - uh -

M.G.: You stop up at - Ralph Waters can help you, too.

D.S.: Ralph -

M.G.: Ralph Waters. Lives up there right close. If you can find him. Now, I don't know - I think he's home now - I don't think he's working. He helped Penn the other day to put a roof on - repair a roof up there at his house.

D.S.: Uh-huh. O.k. So there are two names of people that lived in that area.

F.G.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: Yeah. This Waters family -

F.G.: Waters and the Beahms would be around close and be able to tell you.

But what Beahms are left -

D.S.: There are so many Beahms -

M.G.: Yeah. I don't know the Beahms too well -

D.S.: Yeah.

M.G.: Well enough -

D.S.: When you sold your land, did you feel you got a fair price for it?

M.G.: Yeah, I reckon. If I hadn't thought it was a fair price, I wouldn't have sold it. I don't remember what I got for it.

F.G.: You're thinking about the land that wasn't in the Park. I don't think anybody thought they got enough for their Park land.

M.G.: The land that went in the Park, the Government took it. There wasn't anybody too well satisfied with what they got.

F.G.: It was worth more for grazing than what they got.

M.G.: But, at that time - up until that time, you could, hire all the people that you wanted up there for seventy-five cents or a dollar a day to cut bushes. And the Park came along and took it and they were still cutting bushes. But, a few years after, and now, the land was too rough to run tractors over. And you couldn't keep it down now 'cause you can't hire anybody to cut bushes now by hand.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: And so it would be grown up now whether the Park took it or they hadn't taken it. So maybe it was a good thing the Park did come along and take it.

F.G.: I think all of us are glad that the Park is there.

D.S.: Yes.

M.G.: Yeah.

D.S.: Yes. I think it would have just been a great big development.

F.G.: I'm afraid it would.

D.S.: Yes. And that would have been tragic.

F.G.: Uh-huh.

D.S.: Instead of looking at lovely mountains -

F.G.: Yes.

D.S.: Why we would have just seen houses.

F.G.: Uh-huh. Some of that is happening on the Massanutten.

D.S.: Yes it is and that's such a pity.

M.G.: Yeah. Well, at Massanutten you can get more motorized equipment over that a little better than you can a lot of that Blue Ridge.

D.S.: Yes.

M.G.: There's some of that now you can get over. Up there around there at Big Meadows and up through there. There's some of that that lays pretty good.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: But, that Big Meadows land never did produce the grass that some of that other mountain did - the other side of it.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: Now, Danny Spitler owned a place up a couple of miles the other side of Big Meadows, and I helped to take cattle up there a number of times. And go up there and get 'em and so on. I never will forget one day, we was up there and it was foggy that day, and I had so much trouble with drops of water falling on my eye lashes and then run down in my eyes. I had trouble seeing, it was so foggy that day. I never will forget that.

F.G.: That was close to where Big Meadows is.

M.G.: Yeah. That was the other side of Big Meadows.

D.S.: This side or the other side?

M.G.: South of it.

D.S.: South.

M.G.: South of Big Meadows. And, uh - as I say - I've helped to drive cattle up there a lot of times, too. He'd take a couple hundred cattle up there every summer.

F.G.: Now, when he took them up there, did they go up what they called the Gordonsville Turnpike?

M.G.: No.

F.G.: It was farther north.

M.G.: To go up there, he took them up the old Tanner's Ridge Road.

F.G.: Oh. Oh yes.

M.G.: And up that and went in through that Brumback place up there.

F.G.: Oh yes.

M.G.: And cut across. And there's where the work come in trying to drive them through that Brumback place.

D.S.: I bet.

F.G.: Well, now, what names can you think of - people up there that might know something about the south end of the Park?

M.G.: Oh, some of those Thomases and so on.

F.G.: Gray.

M.G.: Yeah, there's some Grays up in there.

D.S.: Matthew Thomas. Do you know how I can reach Matthew Thomas?

M.G.: No. I don't know Matthew.

D.S.: He's at Tanner's Ridge.

F.G.: He doesn't have a phone I take it?

D.S.: No.

M.G.: No, I don't. I don't know Matthew.

D.S.: You say there's some Grays there?

M.G.: Yeah. Some Grays and Thomases, Meadows.

D.S.: Oh yes. There are a lot of Meadows in that section, aren't there?

F.G.: Uh-huh.

D.S.: Yeah.

M.G.: I remember one time, we went up there - this old Miz Meadows or a Meadows family lived on Danny Spitler's place. And I got up about four o'clock in the morning and it was about two o'clock when we got

up there, and hadn't had anything to eat in between - and I was just nearly starved. Went in there and she had some of this old bread cooked in a skillet, you know - about like that -

D.S.: Hoe cake.

M.G.: ... and fat meat and beans and that kind of stuff, and I never had food that tasted so good in my life as that did. And that was just 'cause I was just nearly starved.

D.S.: Well, you know you're not the first one to say that their food was good.

F.G.: Uh-huh.

D.S.: Apparently, they knew how to cook.

M.G.: They were good cooks.

F.G.: Oh, yes.

D.S.: Yeah.

M.G.: They could do wonders with what they had to cook.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: And say fat meat and beans and corn bread - well, they had some - that I'm talking about now was white bread - flour. They had a lot of corn bread, too.

D.S.: And they said that you never were allowed to go away hungry from any of those houses either.

M.G.: No. They filled you up.

D.S.: How about moonshining up there? Did you ever run into any of the people that did that?

M.G.: Oh, I've heard of some people that did it, but I never seen a still out there in the mountains myself.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: As far as that goes, there's some up there on my place there at home, back there across the railroad, you know, on that new ground. There's

some holes back there - dug in there - where there's stills.

F.G.: Where there's stills?

M.G.: They had set up a still.

F.G.: I didn't know that. You mean down on the old place or where we are now?

M.G.: No, there on the old place, that new ground that we cleared and cleaned up back there where it was up in bushes.

D.S.: Was that some of your folks?

M.G.: I don't know who it was. Harry Huffman knew more about it than I - I never got more information from anybody else than Harry.

F.G.: You mean it was there recently or just years ago?

M.G.: Oh, it was there in the 30's, 40's or something of the kind.

F.G.: Back when people were bootlegging -

D.S.: Uh - you just used an expression that I heard first the other day - "new ground".

M.G.: Well, that is -

D.S.: Now what is -

M.G.: ... spoken of as ground that's never been farmed.

D.S.: All right. Now how could somebody use that when a family have lived in a certain place for generations and generations. How could you say it was new ground?

M.G.: Now, this up there - we've been living there since I told you the history of the place from seventeen something on up, and been living there all the time. That land had been in timber and had never been farmed. And then they cut - my daddy sold the timber off of it - and he was gonna clean it up, but it got away from him and he never did get it cleaned up. And then when I came back and lived up there, I had got hold of a little extra help, and I didn't have anything much

for them much to do in the winter time, so I'd sent them back there and let them clean up, oh, three, four, five or six acres of that stuff in the winter. And I had this help long enough to clean up, oh, I don't know - fifty or sixty acres or something of the kind.

D.S.: And so you had new ground?

M.G.: Yeah. It was new ground until it was farmed.

D.S.: That has cleared it up.

M.G.: Then after it had been farmed, it wasn't new ground anymore then.

D.S.: Well, I kept trying to figure out how, and I asked her what she meant. She didn't know what she meant. All she knew was it was called new ground. And I've asked several other people and they didn't know what she meant.

M.G.: That's the way it's always been used that I know of now. That's the way we've always used it.

F.G.: Maybe they continue to call it that after - even after they use it, but it's newer than the other.

M.G.: Yeah. Most of that that we cleaned up is in grass back there.

F.G.: Uh-huh.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: But we did clean up one little field about sixteen acres there - that they cleaned up in about four years, I think - three or four years that they cleaned that up when we went in there - see you run into all those stumps and all that kind of stuff. And some of those old pine stumps, it takes years and years to get rid of. They'll last - I expect some of those pine stumps may stay there 500 years. I don't know how long. But when you start plowing that stuff, you've got problems.

D.S.: Yes.

M.G.: So that's the reason we just planted grass on the rest of it and let it go and never did try to plow it. Then some of it was wet land, too. When we tried to plow it in a wet season, it would be mired and that kind of stuff.

D.S.: Yeah.

M.G.: We mired in there a couple of times trying to mow pasture.

D.S.: And you still have cattle?

M.G.: I have a few myself. My son-in-law has quite a few of them.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: But I think I've got maybe forty-six head now is all I got.

D.S.: Well, I think this has been absolutely fascinating, you know, what you've made come alive. Bringing cattle from the other side of town still seems impossible to me, through town, up - you must have gone up part of Lee Highway -

M.G.: That wasn't near as hard as driving them across what's 211 now. We hit the - 211 - when we -

D.S.: Yeah.

M.G.: ... took thses cattle from home - we hit 211 out there at the White House Bridge. And then we'd keep 'em on 211 from there until they got to New Market.

F.G.: You had to. There's no place to take them off.

M.G.: There wasn't any place to get off. That's the only way we could get over there, unless you went the long ways around. And -

D.S.: Next time I drive over to New Market, I'm gonna picture that.

M.G.: But there were a few automobiles at the time, and one of us - when you'd meet a car - that car would stop and we'd drive the cattle by him. But, now, when a car'd come up to pass us, one of us - riding horseback - would ride in front of the car and tell him "now you stay right close to

me" and we'd take him through the bunch of cattle. We'd work on up and work the cattle over - and ever once in awhile, you'd find a scarey driver that wouldn't follow you - and we couldn't get them through. Sometimes they would be - we'd just get mad and quit and just let 'em stay back there. Some of them sit back there for an hour and kept raisin' Cain. I said, "Well, if you're willing to follow me like I told you, I'll take you through. Otherwise, get through the best way you know how. I wasn't gonna fool with you". I had enough to worry about without that.

F.G.: And cattle won't get off the road, they just truck along in front.

D.S.: That's right.

M.G.: They stayed right in front of you.

D.S.: Sure.

M.G.: But with the horses, see, ride up and work them over.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: But he would have to stay as close as from here to that davenport to the horse or these cattle were going to come right back in the road again behind me.

D.S.: Uh-huh.

M.G.: And I was just wasting my energy trying to get them over and then the driver wouldn't stay close to me.

D.S.: Yeah. How long would it take you to get them to New Market?

M.G.: Oh, we'd take practically all day until we got 'em over there and then got back home. And we got big pay for that, too. They paid me \$10.00 and I had to hire a kid to go with me.

D.S.: You did get good pay.

M.G.: Yes sir, that was good pay.

D.S.: You got very good pay for that.

M.G.: That's what I got. Ten dollars.

D.S.: I thought you were going to say fifty cents.

F.G.: Well, compared to the - what I was getting helping in the kitchen - I got fifty cents a week. You did get good pay.

D.S.: Yeah.

? : You couldn't have done his job and he couldn't have done your job.

D.S.: This is really, really just beautiful. And you don't know how we appreciate what -

F.G.: Well, I'm glad. We turned out to know more than I thought we knew.

D.S.: Well, that's it. It always ends up that way that people do know.

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